

# I'd Buy that for a dollar!

Volume I, Issue #19 Summer, 2005



## This Issue:

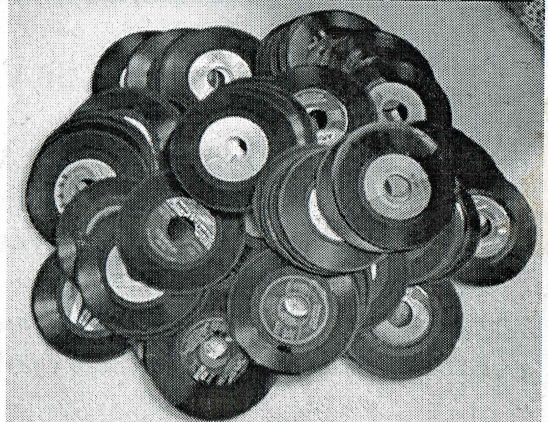
*Music Music Music!*

*Record & Venue Reviews!*

*Old And New Writing!*

*Hottie On The Cover!*

*Hardly Any Emo Bullshit!*





I ' D B U Y T H A T F O R A D O L L A R !

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| Volume I, Issue #19 Summer, 2005 |  
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by Austin Rich

Covers, text, & layouts by Austin Rich.

Album Covers by the Original Artists.

Cover images & other artwork c/o Google Image Search.

(I'll let you guess what I searched for on each one.)

Original "IBTFAS" Logo by Syd Louse.

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***[austinrich@gmail.com](mailto:austinrich@gmail.com)***

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## ***I Love Rock 'n' Roll:***

It's been about a year, so I thought I'd hit ya'll with another 'zine. Hope this one does the trick...

Since the inception of this publication (and even dating back to it's predecessors), I have always loved writing about music. Nearly every issue has some tie to music in some way, and in my spare time I've been known to churn out a few pieces of text here and there relating to music as well. You could say I'm an aficionado; most, however, just say I'm obsessed and shake their heads as they look away.

I'm drawn to music writing in any form. As a kid in High School I was constantly scanning *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* in search of information about bands. Over the years it kept expanding. You could say my entire attraction to reading has more to do with music than it did with liking books. Little did I know I was also absorbing a whole style in and of itself, readily apparent now in my written output. Elements of Greil Marcus, Lester Bangs, and Richard Meltzer have begun to seep into my fiction and emo blatherings, even if they had no apparent connection to music on the surface.

Music permeates every aspect of my life; I collect records, I play bass, and work in radio. I just took on a job writing about music for a local paper. It's so much a part of my interests that to *NOT* write about it would almost be harder. Despite the well known Elvis Costello quote that says, "Writing about music is like dancing about architecture," I still feel that there is something that can come across in writing that conveys a love and passion for the material that I feel on a core level of my being.

Sometimes I feel that music is my life. It's with that in mind that I decided to focus on only music writing, combining new and somewhat new material to tie it all together. Hopefully some of the passion for the material I feel comes across when you read it, too. Enjoy!

— Austin Rich, 08/12/05

### ***Thank You Thank You Thank You, In No Particular Order:***

Tristan for turning me on to *Nuggets*, Judge Pussy for writing my letter of recommendation, The Ramen City Kid for helping me out as a roommate and as a friend, kiisu for putting up with my Cathead obsessions *and* for all the free drinks he's thrown my way on Wednesdays, Michelle for hooking me up with some choice Scare-e-oke, My Friends & Family for their love and support, KPSU for giving me a job and letting me force my records on people to *my* utter delight, the bar staff @ The Sandy Hut for serving all the drinks (specifically the oh-so-hot Crumb Legs), Johnny Play Drum for all the awesome music he's written and played on my shows, Ransom for graduating from college and hauling my ass to Eugene for a weekend, Jo & The Bugs of Lightning for being such nice guys and good musicians, Cark for being so damn funny and hooking me up with my other writing job, Empty Room for all the guest list spots they've given me, Dance Card for hiring my friend and writing all the angular songs they're fond of, Kelle X. for helping me with my application (I owe you big), Marcus & Katie for all the movies and drugs they've been so kind to donate to the cause, my fellow bloggers and radio enthusiasts who share my interests too (despite my neuroses), Tom for Neon Brown, my kick-ass Professors for turning me on to such interesting books, Girls On Bikes for being so hot, Reading for being such a great hobby, Generals (in general) and every person who's ever turned me on to a song or a record that has sense become an integral part of my collection. It means a lot.



**Drats!!! – Suicide Candy**

**Genre:** Local / Punk, New Wave

**Sounds Like:** Talking Heads mixed with Oingo Boingo & a dash of punk rock.

**Review:** It's good to know that Portland is producing bands this weird. The world needs a few oddballs now and then to creep people out on the bus, while their eyes dart back and forth as if they're gonna go for the carotid. Drats!!! delivers on that front in spades: they're *all* a little off center, some members more than others.

Fortunately for us, their music is grounded is something a little more manageable. Nothing here is anything you won't be familiar with. It's pop, punk & new wave, oh my! It's their approach that makes you worry about them: the occasional odd time signature, the lyrical content, and the frenetic pace they can build up to. Talking to them when they're not playing is a similar experience: you're pretty sure a lot of it is not an act, which is a perfect reputation for guys like these. Give the disc a spin and check 'em out when they play live. The part of you that really relates to Brad Pitt's character in *12 Monkeys* will love every minute of it.

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**The Epoxies – Stop The Future**

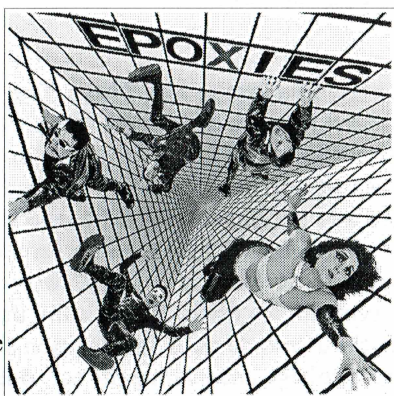
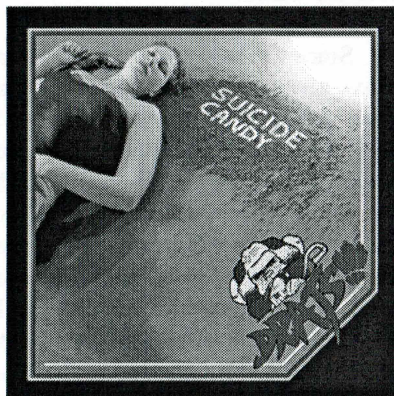
**Genre:** Punk / New Wave

**Sounds Like:** The 80's, Sped Up and Fed Socialist Ideology

**Review:** Many bands suffer from the "Second Album Syndrome." The urge to do something new and challenging – and interesting on a personal level – is all too often the downfall of the majority of rock bands that record music.

Fortunately The Epoxies do not suffer from this; in fact, "Stop The Future" almost sounds more like The Epoxies that I've come to love than their first eponymous release does. The guitars are mixed

front and center, and Roxy's voice sounds even more deconstructed and urgent than the first time around. There are so many hidden joys on the record – keyboards, lyrics, and production – that it's tough to know where to start. Fortunately the schtick is still firmly in place, giving you a place to start: The Neo-Crypto-Fascist rhetoric is a major part of both the songs and their appearance, and with titles like "Everything Looks Beautiful On Video," it's clear that they are still drawing influence from a very singular location (ironically, The Past). Fortunately, it's a good place to draw from for this kind of music. If anything, their move to Fat Wreck Chords has not diluted their





sound or enabled them to produce shoddy work, as has been the implication. If anything, this record solidifies The Epoxies place as the current New Wave adhesive for people looking for an entry point into this sticky genre. (I know, I know. I couldn't resist.)

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### **Dance Card – Waterlogged**

**Genre:** Punky Rock 'n' Roll

**Sounds Like:** Nomeansno, Murder City Devils

**Review:** Dance Card understands the groove, and understands how to make it work for them. Which is a good thing, given that the biggest crime a two-piece can be guilty of is to come off like there's something missing. This is rarely the case for them, fortunately. The bass knows when to back off or step up to the plate. The drums have fills saved up for the right moments, but generally work the background to keep the vocals from being overpowered. It's a special balance between the three elements, and as they're mining their sailor and working / drinking-class imagery, they're keeping all of this in mind throughout like a juggling act. There are times, of course, when it doesn't work; occasionally you can hear where the organ should have gone, or where a guitar would really help drive the point home. But for the most part these are brief moments, and doesn't inhibit the record's ability to draw you in. In a time and place where bands are trying to throw in everything and the kitchen sink, it's nice to find a band that's willing to take a step back and do something that just fuckin' rocks. Of course, it doesn't hurt that they know where to look for inspiration; a fair review of Dance Card without mentioning the Nomeansno / Murder City Devils' influence is just not possible. Fortunately, they don't always wear it on their sleeves like some bands would. Not bad for a PDX duo if I do say so myself.

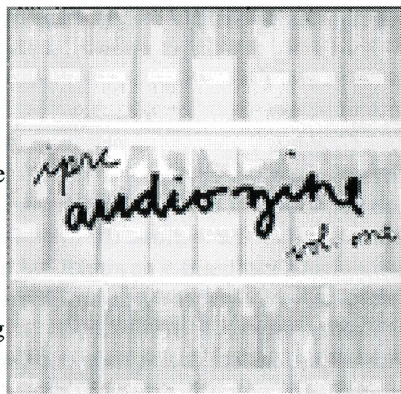


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### **IPRC Audio Zine Vol. One**

**Genre:** Spoken Word

**Review:** The Independent Publishing Resource Center is a group dedicated to archiving and cataloging 'zines of all types, and offers 'zinesters the means to learn and hone the skills needed to be good at their craft. This CD, the first release by the IPRC, is a collection of various 'zinesters reading some of their work, with short musical intros from various bands and artists. While in theory such a release would not only be interesting but well worth a listen, the final product suffers from the same kind of cliquey behavior that the IPRC – or their yearly 'zine symposium – does. The collection is, of course, a mixture



of national 'zine personalities and local volunteers at the IPRC, with little regard to content or quality. While most 'zines create an ambiance, giving context to the writings of the individual authors due to what surrounds each piece, separated from the whole and presented in a medium foreign to the original text reduces the impact and, sadly, entertainment value. While that's not to say the whole disc is a wash – "Video Store Journal" & "Left Hanging" are brilliant in and of themselves – there's probably a reason why these people are writing and not recording books on tape. Their hearts are in the right place, but the execution is all wrong. Perhaps if the IPRC was willing to take a chance on other writers instead of scratching the backs of their friends, meanwhile working to shorten some of the 10 minute + tracks on this disc, a second release would be better received.

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### **The Pink Snowflakes – demo Not For Sale**

**Genre:** Drugged Out Indie-Rock

**Sounds Like:** The Flaming Lips, Jesus & Mary Chain, Butthole Surfers

**Review:** I can spot a Flaming Lips influence a mile away. It's one of those skills you just develop after enough time in front of a stereo, obsessively listening to music. Not that it takes a lot of see the Lip-shtick on this CD. While a lot of people would think that's a harsh thing to say, I mean it with the most sincere fondness. Anyone who can shoot for their sound and achieve it this well is doing more than just SOMETHING right. What, exactly, that something is I can't say for sure. The combination of guitar pedals, drugs, recording equipment and record collections is definitely a huge factor, but in what combination, and under what circumstances, and how it synthesizes to the songs on this CD, is probably impossible to say. All I know is that mixed up in all of this is a desire to sound good, to write beautiful songs, and to let people know that they're taking their cues from some talented folks all the while. If that's harsh, then I guess I'm some sort of scrubbing-pad critic. Whatever the case, it's not gonna stop me from putting this on when I need a little psyche with my coffee.



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### **The Gallows**

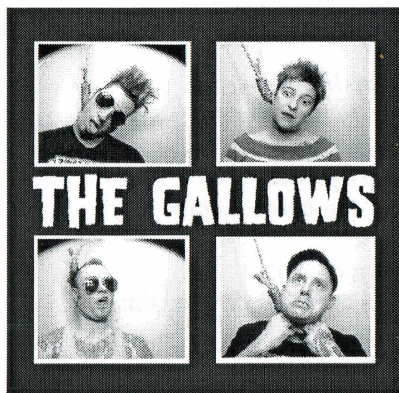
**Genre:** Rockabilly

**Sounds Like:** Throw Rag, Nekromantix

**Review:** Despite various dips and downs the genre has suffered from, Rockabilly manages to maintain a stranglehold on a corner of the music world that continues to re-fascinate kids every few years. It's a curious phenomenon; while it's easy enough to claim that any style of music has "in" and "out" periods, other genres come back for a short while before fading into memory while Rockabilly has gone in and out of fashion several times over in that very same time span. It's a testament to the genre's ability to capture the imaginations of a new batch of tattooed and beer-swilling kids each time



around. The Gallows are Portland's contribution to the oeuvre, a group of four kids that rock both old and new versions of the cliché while trying to carve out a peculiar vision of it à la the Misfits, or Nekromantix to be precise. Obligatory washboard & stand-up bass aside, the band holds up fairly well under scrutiny, living up to the archetypes as well as working on their own (even if it's a somewhat borrowed) image. While a four song demo is hardly a means of judging any band, one can easily imagine that, given time, these guys could grow into their particular britches, and keep the scene alive in PDX. I'm keeping my fingers crossed, as I'd be pleasantly surprised if they did.



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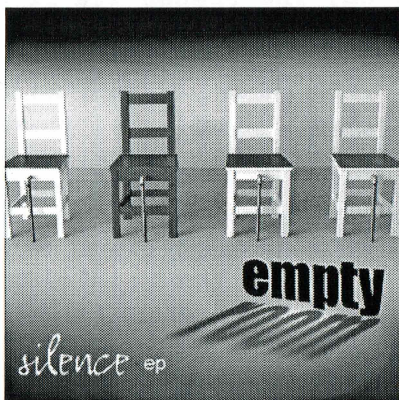
### **Empty Room – “Silence” EP**

**Genre:** Synth Pop

**Sounds Like:** New Order, Duran Duran & Flock

Of Seagulls through a goth, glitter & metal filter

**Review:** Synth Pop is, officially, the king of the underground, with more hit albums, bands, and songs than just about any other genre these days, knocking indie-rock out of its stranglehold over the hearts of college kids. With bands like The Faint, Le Tigre, The Epoxies, and a million different clones that are all grabbing a keyboard and a skinny tie, it's hard to be sympathetic to yet another drop in the pond when it comes to all the new music coming out. Fortunately for Empty



Room, they have a few tricks up their sleeves to help slant the odds in their favor. First, their relentless practice schedule has made their handful of live shows really count in their favor. Second, their recruitment of a glitter-goth for a singer, a metalhead as a drummer, and a classically trained pianist for a keyboard player means that they bring something to the songwriting that other bands fail to include (or even consider). Lastly, they've approached the entire project with the right attitude to really set them apart; rather than dwell on what they want to emulate through name-checking and label courting, Empty Room really just wants to be a Synth Pop garage band, taking the DIY ethic into uncharted territories. (Nearly everything they do they do for fun or free beer, rather than to promote the band and make money.) It's the combination of attitude and interesting songwriting that makes their first release entertaining and, above everything else, well worth the listen. The fact they're probably losing money on it only makes you relate to them that much better. If you don't believe me, check out tracks 4 & 6. Does this sound like your average Synth Pop band?

## Some Helpful Information For Locating These Recordings:

**Drats!!!**

dratslive.com

**IPRC Audio Zine Vol. One**

iprc.org

**The Epoxies**

the-epoxies.com

**The Pink Snowflakes**

myspace.com/thepinksnowflakes

**Dance Card**

dancecardmusic.com

**The Gallows**

myspace.com/thegallowspx

**Empty Room**

emptyroommusic.com

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| Oh, The Places You'll Go! : Local Venues by Austin Rich |  
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No assessment of music would be complete without mentioning one of the key places we're all exposed to it: venues. While the majority of music listening and experience seems to happen on the bus or at home, there was a time in the not so distant past when you had to leave your house to discover bands and albums. Most often this happened at a bar, generally with your friends, and generally through the clatter and cacophony of some jerk in a baseball hat hitting on some bubbly girl who likes to drink to raise her self-esteem.

These days, going out to bars has changed quite a bit, and most of the things that happened at bars just don't occur. With the advent of the Internet, most bands are heard on-line via some distribution company, or downloaded using a file-sharing program that will get shut down in a week while three more are already being developed by some kid in his basement. Drinking even occurs at home these days, with most folks purchasing a six-pack and taking advantage of themselves rather than hassling all the hotties in a five mile radius. And with the development of cynicism, most people can't be bothered to leave the house at all, even if there is music to be listened to or booze to be drank. All of this has made the ways of yore become foreign and obsolete for most folk.

Still, Portland is all about retro, and with the sheer number of alcoholics and hipsters around, going out is still in full force, despite it's general decline everywhere else. We love music and drinking almost too much, and a lot of bars and venues still get a fair amount of traffic, despite the national down trend. Not all places are devoted to music, but some have some pretty great jukeboxes (the mainstay of any good bar in my opinion), and on any given night you can count on seeing someone turning their head in an effort to catch a few lines of a song that has sparked their attention. It's a pretty cool thing to witness or participate in, and it's this reason that so many people are loyal to their bars. When a place you go to has music you consistently fall in love with, it's easy to be that kind of patron.

Most places in Portland fall into one of three categories: bars that have shows,



bars that have jukeboxes, and bars that have karaoke. What follows is an attempt to give my two cents on some of the more notable places I go to regularly. My hope is that my peculiar view of these venues – filtered through my opinions regarding music – may help your own decisions to frequent them. It's not my goal to single out a venue, or to step on anyone's toes (unless you're the Hollow-Scene, in which case you can blow me), but rather to approach things from a POV that isn't always the focus of such discussions. Most stuff you find written about venues relates to drink prices. I'd like to approach this subject from the POV of a fan of music, which in my mind is why most of these places are even open in the first place.

### **Live Music Clubs**

There are so many places that have live music these days that it's sometimes hard to keep track of them all. So many close, open, and go through some kind of renovation (in style or appearance) that sometimes it's hard to even know where you are on any given night. Fortunately for fans of music, this does not deter anyone from playing live wherever and whenever they can get a show. Here are the places that come to my mind most readily when I think of live music in Portland. Feel free to hit me up with any places I missed; perhaps this'll end up being a regular feature.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Crystal Ballroom** (1332 W Burnside): One of the bigger venues in town, you'll probably find some of the bigger acts that come through Portland here. It's an all ages club (with a cordoned off section for the over 21 crowd... bring extra cash, as drinks aren't cheap), and the venue itself is expansive and pretty to look at. The only downside is the sound, which almost universally sucks. While it's renowned for it's quality, I've seen one band (Mission of Burma) that sounded good there, and that was because they brought their own sound tech. Some good big bands do come through, and it's the only place you can see them without resorting to stadium like environs. Sometimes good smaller bands play at Lola's (downstairs), which is preferable and has much better sound.

**Dante's** (1 SW 3rd @ Burnside): It took them a while to figure out the right dynamic, but since Dante's last remodel and their newer efforts in booking, it's becoming a pretty respectable little place. Decent sound, decent bands, and a good mish-mash of local and touring acts of all sizes, genres and popularity (Johnathan Richman, Guitar Wolf, and local music nights, too). A little too dark (lighting-wise) for my tastes, and the crowd can get thick and unruly during a rock show, but on the whole that can add to the fun so long as a fight doesn't break out. The low-dough shows are totally the way to go with this place if you're not already with the band.

**Ash Street Saloon** (225 SW Ash): What used to be permanently mired in 1994 (musically speaking) has finally caught up with the times, and now books some really good rock and punk shows (MTX, Blöödhag, etc.). The sound is probably up there with the best in town, and the cover is always cheap / free. Like with other similar places, it can get a little rowdy at times, but that's all part of it's grimy charm. Some of the hotter bartenders in town work here, too, which is always a plus.

**Berbati's Pan** (231 SW Ankeny): Berbati's suffers from the same kind of consistently terrible sound the Crystal does, which is a pity because a lot of good, mid-sized bands end up playing here. (Nomeansno, Gogol Bordello, etc.) Why a bar that gets these acts can suck so badly with that kind of sound is beyond me, but it's been ongoing for so long that I've just come to accept it. While the selection of bands that play there is rather varied (which can be a good thing), my rule of thumb is that, unless there's no chance they'll ever play anywhere else, you'll only find me at this bar again when I somehow find myself on the guest list.

**Kelly's Olympian** (426 SW Washington): Kelly's has been on the rise in my mind, with good DJs and local bands playing here on a regular basis. The crowd is never too obnoxious, and the wait-staff is really friendly. While you'll probably never find any big shows here, in the long run you should thank yourself for getting out of your rut and supporting the small groups when you can. Major thumbs up for this bar, so long as the decorations don't come crashing down because of that.

**Porky's Pub** (835 N. Lombard): Again, another great dive with consistently good music by local bands and DJs. My only complaint is that there is no sound system to speak of (which can be bad with some of the louder, less proficient bands), and it's so far away from my house that it's hard to get to for most of the cool shows (which explains why I've only been there a couple of times). If only there were a shuttle bus to all these great clubs...

**Tonic Lounge** (3100 NE Sandy): While I have seen a lot of really good shows here since I moved to Portland, the Tonic has been an inconsistent venue, unfortunately, and also housed some of my least favorite shows, too. I love the interior, but their sound staff ranges from terrible to decent, and who you get on any night is a crap shoot. Additionally, their booking agent seems to be just as schizophrenic: some nights the line-up is awesome, and others it just seems to make little (if any) sense. I saw three bands one night all playing completely different styles and qualities of music, and one of them is among the three worst bands I've ever seen in my life (and that counts one of the bands I played it, too). If this venue were to get it's shit together, it could easily gain a better (and stronger) reputation.

**Roseland** (10 NW 6<sup>th</sup>): The Roseland suffers from the same problems as the Crystal: they book some of the bigger bands, but have the same all-ages separation and terrible, terrible sound. While some good acts still occasionally come through this club (Mogwai, Ministry, Fantômas, etc.) on the whole it seems to be on the decline, with fewer and fewer decent shows with each passing month. The fact that it's more or less insufferable to hang out at UNLESS there's a good show makes all the more case for avoiding this place entirely.

**Sabala's / Mt. Tabor** (4811 SE Hawthorne): Once the hippie exorcism was complete at this venue, the affect on the Portland area was massive, giving the rock scene a HUGE dose of what it needed. Sabala's has it all: good bands, great sound, cheap drinks, and a bar separate from the stage so you can escape the music and just rock out to the jukebox if the mood strikes you. The number of great bands that have played here are too many to count (Last of the Juanitas, The Punk Group, Atomic Bitchwax,



etc., etc.), and on the whole this place is what live Rock Music is all about. If you don't know Sabala's, for Earl's sake, drop everything and check out the next show they have. Even their booking has gotten consistently better since the opened, which is almost never the case with any location. I just can't say enough nice things about this place, so instead I'll just see you at the next happy hour and leave it at that.

**Noir / Rabbit Hole** (203 SE Grand): When the Rabbit Hole went under it's renovation and became NOIR, the potential for this hole-in-the wall was limitless. Local acts were being booked, and regular themed DJ nights cropped up instantly. However, poor management, non-existent promotion, and rude wait-staff has consistently made this a disappointing venue, and the sound regularly sucks, sadly. If only someone would buy this club, change the name, and start booking some good bands / DJs, this place could improve so much. However, I'm not counting on that happening any time soon, and until then, I'm avoiding the whole mess entirely.

**Bossa Nova** (722 E. Burnside Avenue): This spot had some of the best potential of all the new clubs I've ever seen, and when it first started, I was quite impressed with what went on: consistently good mid-sized bands packed the place in, while good sound and cheap drinks seemed to flow throughout the club. What, exactly, happened is, to me, a mystery. After a few small stabs at big shows (with very little promotion), the venue shifted gears, and almost instantly began to tank. It took until recently for them to recover. Things are looking up: DJs and local bands are filling the upstairs, and occasional big shows (like Wanda Jackson and Pinback) are downstairs. They could use some help with the sound system upstairs, but the regular DJ nights and occasional live music is making this a hot spot I'm often enjoying. Check out the Vinyl Packin' Darlings on second and fourth Thursdays. You won't regret it.

**Jolly Inn** (1927 SE 11th Ave): While this average beer-bar was a cool enough dive to begin with, it's reputation (for my money) was kicked into overdrive with the two punk shows it's put on (both with Straitjacket, who are pretty much my favorite punk band right now). If they'll ever do this again remains to be seen (one can only hope), but to me they were so successful that it seems illogical not to. Regardless, that shouldn't prevent you from checking it out; with a consistently good sound system, the bartenders often bust out records with the spirit of '77 written all over them. Load up on liquor and then top off any night with a few beers and pool here.

**Don't Bother:** Both The Doug Fir and The Hollow-Scene have been getting a lot of press and word of mouth for their music events, but having been to both I've found them lacking in any good entertainment. The Doug Fir gets in a lot of music with indie-cred, but the crowd is often annoying and frustrating, and the expense of going there is rarely worth it. Unfortunately, there aren't any venues that cater to those bands right now. Hopefully they will catch on and move to other clubs in the coming months, solving the problem entirely. As for Hollow-Scene, unless you are into Electro and Electro DJs, and only that kind of music, the only attractive thing about the establishment is the overpriced drinks and the snobby hipsters that frequent the place. Unfortunately for you, the sound is pretty decent at both venues, so it'll probably take a while for the buzz about these places to die down. On a different note, ever since the Twilight Café stopped booking rock / punk shows, and instead started focusing more

on DJs, it's gone downhill quite a bit. They're not entirely adverse to occasional rock shows, but without a sound system or a promoter / booking agent that knows what they're doing, they only seem to manage the most measly of acts, and don't feel the need to accommodate them in any way. You're better off elsewhere, for the most part.

**R.I.P.:** There are a lot of cool places in PDX that have closed down since I got here. Most recently is Solid State and Conan's Pub. The first was an all-ages venue with cool hardcore shows on a regular basis (including The Oxes). However, with hardly any revenue from selling soda and the low door prices, the place apparently took a nose dive, which sucks. I was becoming quite fond of seeing all the hardcore kids in my neighborhood make their way down there. Oh well.

Conan's is an even sadder story: a mainstay of the PDX music scene for some time now, it had consistently good sound and cheap drinks for quite a while, and often had good live acts too. While never able to fully sort out what kind of venue it was, the place was regularly full of fun crowds, and the bands there were generally pretty entertaining (if not great). Why this place closed so suddenly and quickly is a mystery to me, and hopefully (if anyone has any sense in them), one of the Sabala's crowd will re-open this place and start booking some of their run off. It's a no-brainer, if you ask me, and a sure-fire way to make some good money.

Also still being mourned: The Satyricon & EJs. We'll always miss you!

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### **Jukebox Clubs**

The sign of a good bar, in my opinion, is a good jukebox. This is like an extension of your personality and character, not only because each jukebox is personalized to fit your clientèle, but each one has it's own curiosities and quirks that make them as much a fixture in your bar as, say, the barflies that also cost money and take up space.

However, a real travesty of recent bar life has been the advent of the Internet Jukebox. Before, each box could be personalized with a collection of records or CDs that the bar owner thought would appeal to the clientèle, and contributions from staff and regulars made these collections so unique and interesting that each bar had their own fingerprint through the music you'd hear. Now that a lot of places are being outfitted with Internet Jukeboxes, there is a certain amount of homogenization going on that is destroying the character of the local neighborhood bar. Unfortunately, these bars now have exactly the same collection of music at their disposal via the Internet, and for a few more dollars patrons can get it played before everyone else who took the time to carefully pick out the songs they wanted to hear before you. The whole idea seems to defy the very conventions that jukeboxes were designed to represent.

The sad part is: these Internet jukeboxes are making themselves extremely attractive to bars, in that they are cheap, efficient, and have a team of technicians that will fix them for you (unlike old jukeboxes, who needed special handymen to fix). In an irony that few see, bar owners are getting rid of the old jukeboxes – mainstays of watering holes that are selling points and should attract more patrons, and thus money – and instead are putting in Internet Jukes to supposedly save money, that only make



these places bland and, therefore not worth hanging out at.

Too many cool bars have lost their edge because of Internet Jukeboxes, and while it doesn't mean the immediate downfall of a bar, it takes a concerted effort from the clients to use those new Jukeboxes for good and not evil. This kind of evil is often manifested in the form of irony, with hair metal and lame music blasting forth from a lot of places while people try to prove they're cool by singing along to songs they only just hated a few months ago. The trend lately has been to include – in both kinds of jukes – a token number of kitchy records, and some patrons who don't know any better play these tunes ad infinitum. Let's face it: you can hear Metallica and Queen at nearly anywhere. Why not wade through some of the other selections and try something new for a change?

Anyway, here's a list of some of my favorite jukeboxes in town. Keep in mind that what you'll find below is only a partial list of places that I still enjoy going to, despite their possible Internet Jukebox status. Sometimes, a bar is good enough that it can rise above the evil technology it's outfitted with. Hopefully that saves me the trouble of making any enemies the next time I'm at any of these places.

### **Regular = Good**

Hungry Tiger, Sandy Hut (personal fave local dive), Holman's, Triple Nickel, Slow Bar (while one of the best jukes in town, it's not worth your effort, as it's full of annoying hipsters), Space Room & The Vern (loosing steam as a location, but still has a fantastic juke).

### **Internet = Not So Good**

Club 21 (despite a long bout of lameness, it's back on the rise lately), My Father's Place (\$1 Pabst Mondays are slowly reviving this PDX institution)

It should be noted that *The Matador* has a great jukebox, as well as DJs on various nights. The DJs can be good, but in my experience the jukebox often does a better job now that the guy who used to play garage / psyche / oddball stuff no longer does it. And this is coming from a DJ himself. Sorry, but it's the truth..

### **Sorely Missed**

The Jockey Club, the best jukebox in town, period.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Karaoke Bars**

Portland is a Karaoke town. We love to sing, and the sheer number of rock stars that breed and hang out here is proof enough. I myself am a big fan, and have a regular Karaoke spot of my own that I frequent quite regularly. It's a fun past time and I recommend it to just about anyone who has a passion for music and loves to sing, and is tired of getting yelled at on the bus when they accidentally sing along to the radio on their Walkman.

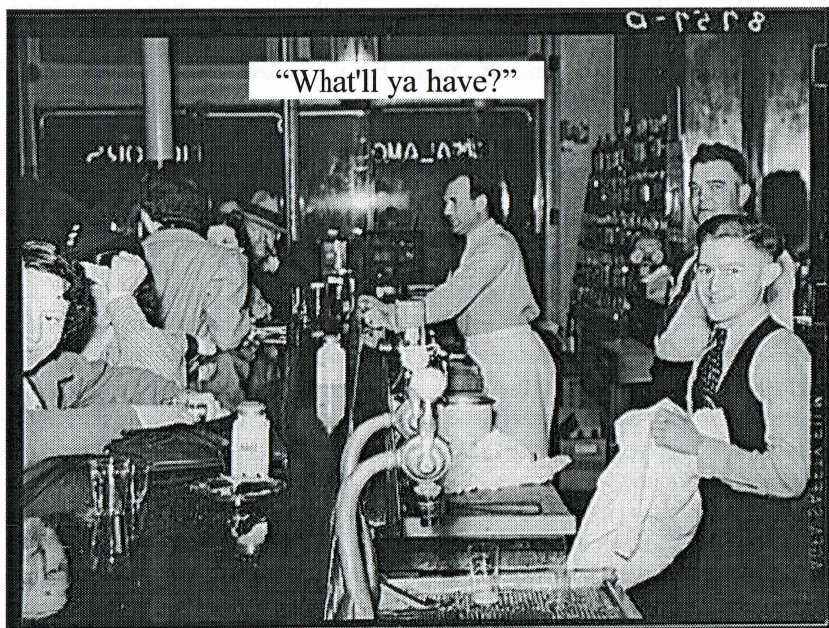
Sadly, most venues in PDX have no real clue how to run a Karaoke bar. A lot of KJs either have no sense of how to keep the night moving forward, or play the favorites game so much as to alienate a large portion of the crowd. As with anything, a healthy balance of the various elements it's comprised of make for a good club, and

are, of course hard to come by for the most part. It's rare when everything works out perfectly.

In my experience, the best Karaoke in town is still Chopsticks on Burnside. The core KJs that work there are quick with the rotation, friendly to regulars and new attendees, and have great singing voices all their own. Make friends with them quickly, and it'll pay off in spades, in both the short and long term (I'm talking about you, Michelle). The other great thing about Chopsticks is the separate room in the back, which enables you to get away from the crowd when it fills up on the weekends. Off-nights are your best bet if you really want to sing, but any night is entertaining. Plus, David Chow (the owner) has regular events there (most notably the yearly *'Stach Bash*), which can make for some great entertainment... especially if he has a few drinks himself and busts out with a version of "House Of The Rising Sun" (one of the most entertaining things I've EVER seen, period).

Most other places around town either have a meat-market attitude, is overrun by regulars that make singing next to impossible, or have terrible KJs that take too long between songs and have no real ability to get a crowd going. Yen Ha has a lot of buzz, but gets too packed with hipsters to really do it for me, and the KJs are clueless and take forever between songs. Boiler Room is fun on off nights, but has terrible sound and even worse KJs, who encourage the meat-market attitude. The Galaxy, while having a decent selection, has a stuffy atmosphere that reminds me too much of a wedding reception or office Christmas party, and is hard to cope with unless you've got a good sized crowd of your friends (and don't mind waiting A LONG TIME to sing). Plus: minimum drink requirements to sing = lame.

No matter how you slice it, my recommendation is to keep Chopsticks in heavy rotation. Just don't park in the wrong spot, as they will tow your car almost immediately no matter your defense is (the spots are clearly marked). Think of it this way: if you actually pay attention to the world around you, it pays off in that you have a fun place to hang out at.





**The Everyones**

**Genre:** Terrible

**Sounds Like:** No one you want to listen to.

**Recommended Tracks:** None.

**All Tracks not safe to play,** but have no swears.

**Review:** With every iota of energy I had, I tried to listen to more than one song on this CD without breaking into violent fits of rage. This album is as bland as it is inoffensive, and as generic as it is predictable. Even the exceptionally boring and poorly designed packaging makes me see red (or, in this case, the fuckin' lame orangey-red they used for the background). No one song stands out

over the others, and in fact they all work together to create something so mind-numbing and uninteresting it took a special, concerted effort to make it through all 45 minutes. If I am lucky, I will never hear of, or listen to, anything connected with this band again, including solo albums, side projects, and even other bands released on the same label. I've actually hired a special team of assassins, ninjas, snipers and mercenaries who are on the hunt for the members of this band, and they are extending their search to include producers, engineers, and anyone at any point in the music industry who had anything to do with this group. With any luck, nothing even remotely like this will ever happen to the music industry again.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Dio – Master Of The Moon**

**Genre:** Metal, Satanic

**Sounds Like:** Merciful Fate, Dio, Dokken, Satan Singing Sweet Lullabies in the Dark of night.

**Recommended Tracks:** All. **All Tracks are not safe to play,** but contain no swears.

**Review:** For some reason, nobody sent Dio the memo that informed him he was washed up. Good thing, too, because he has invoked the dark lord's power and majesty and reformed his band to record a new record. Praise him! Any track off this masterpiece of the Black Arts will evoke a feeling that we're still living in the '80s. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if these were all recorded "back in the day," and have only just now been released to the public. The quality sounds about par for that time period, either because the engineer was using "vintage" instruments, or Dio's connection with the one who cannot be named added an '80's polish to the final product. Regardless of the truth, he is the undisputed master of satanic hair metal. Pop it in just at five to scare any of the commuters expecting to listen to something pleasant out of Christian complacency. You won't be sorry.





## **These Arms Are Snakes – Oxeneers or**

### **The Lion Sleeps When Its Antelope Go Home**

**Genre:** Indie Rock

**Sounds Like:** At The Drive-In, Fugazi,

**Review:** I spent the entire time I listened to this album bitching about it, and trying not to like it. However, by the time I got to the last song, I had to admit that not only did I like it, but that I'd probably even go a see them even if they weren't playing with someone I liked, and would even buy the album if it was on sale. (Side Note: I did end up seeing them, but it was actually with Big Business, so I have yet to put the theory to the full test. I have yet to buy the album, too.) It takes a lot to make a turnaround like that in 47 minutes, but they managed to do it despite the use of a lame hidden track and At The Drive-In-y riffs. Yes, they're getting a lot of hype and yes, there's a ton of hipsters talking them up at The Tube and other bars 'round town. But this time I have to agree with them. The first few songs is really where it's at, but for the patient listener there are some cool things to check out if you're willing to sift through the detritus in the back-end of the disc. Anyone who tries to make the scene probably needs to own this album. Then again, you've probably already got a copy, anyway, and who would give a shit about my opinion when you could be better informed by the Trucker Hat you just bought, something you would have never owned a few scant years ago?

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Coachwhips – Peanut Butter And Jelly**

### **Live At The Ming Lounge**

**Genre:** Garage, Rock, Punk & More

**Sounds Like:** The Oblivians, The Gories

**Recommended Tracks:** Just About Every God Damn Song. **All Tracks are safe to play!** (You couldn't understand the lyrics anyway, even if they weren't clean.)

**Review:** Holy fucking shit! Ahhhhhg! I mean, I am not yet done freaking out about this album. The fact that I am still this amped about a band I'd never heard of until this morning is a testament to how fucking brilliant this disc is. It's loud, it's raunchy, it's poorly recorded, there's a keyboard somewhere in the mix, and despite the fact that you can't hear any lyrics, I am 100% sure they are fantastically awesome in every way, shape or form, probably about drinking up a storm and chatting up all the fine ladies that would show up to one of their shows. I mean... FUCK! I challenge anyone to listen to this album and *NOT* want to smash everything in their collection and declare this the best album on the last 100 years. This is a must for anyone who woke up from the haze of the indie rock bullshit of the last 10 years and remembered that it all sprang from the Garage way back when. I mean... FUCK! It's SOOOOOO good.





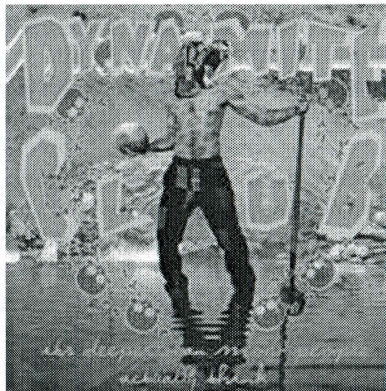
## **Dynamite Club – It's Deeper Than**

### **Most People Actually Think...**

**Genre:** Experi-Indie, Metal-Pop Rock 'n' Roll

**Sounds Like:** Mr. Bungle, Locust, Boredoms, Naked City, etc.

**Review:** In my version of reality, this would be Top 40 Music, and Mandy Moore would be Avant Guard, appreciated either by snobs and jerks that you don't want to hang out with anyway, or real fuckin' weirdos that make going to see the band unbearable (thus, maintaining their station in the echelons of rock). But even if you can't hear Dynamite Club blasting forth from every car stereo in the greater metro area, I can predict that a lot of weirdos in NE and SE will be bumping to this disc, and stripping down to the skivvies to do so. It's a little too easy to say that the genres bend every 30 seconds, and the obvious comparisons (Bungle, Locust, Zorn) are... well, obvious. But in a way that only reinforces the fact that these kids have gotten it right, and they're taking their cues from respectable nut jobs rather than the time travelers that spare change you outside of The Nocturnal at 3 in the morning. I suggest carefully dipping into this record until you're comfortable with their musical universe, and once you know where they're coming from, strip yourself naked and run screaming through this album on a regular basis. You'll thank yourself later.



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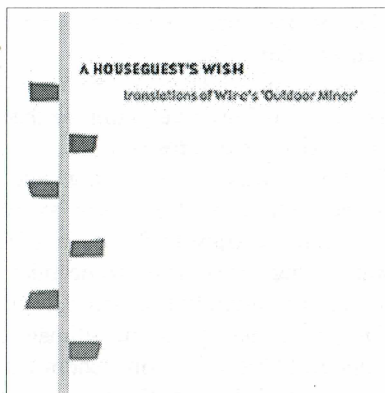
## **A Houseguest's Wish: translations**

### **of Wire's "Outdoor Miner"**

**Genre:** Twee Pop, Indie Lo-Fi, Girlfriend Rock

**Sounds Like:** Look at the bands; it's a comp.

**Review:** This album seems more like an inside joke than a serious release. While Wire is a great band, and I can get behind covers of their work, I have to question the need for 19 versions of "Outdoor Miner," a song that isn't even my favorite (nor is it off my favorite Wire release). I can imagine some producer somewhere trying to locate talent for a Wire tribute album, and every phone call he gets is a different band saying, "Sure but I get to do 'Outdoor Miner.'" Whatever the circumstances of it's release, the bottom line is that it's a comp., and thus only as good as your favorite band. The bluegrass version is interesting, and the band Typewriter does some things interesting, sonically. But the term "translations" is a bit of a misnomer: nearly every version sounds like the same band did it. I wouldn't be surprised if all these artists do play in each other's bands. However, the disc is not a total wash; it might be worth it for you to buy this, if for no other reason than to use it for mix tapes to impress girls with. Imagine the look on their faces when their favorite band does a cover of their favorite Wire song. You're in like Flynn for sure.

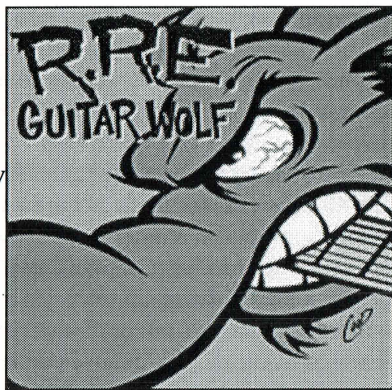


### **Guitar Wolf – Rock And Roll Etiquette**

**Genre:** Lock ‘n’ Fuckin’ Loll!

**Sounds Like:** Teengenerate, King Brothers, Garage Rock, etc.

**Review:** Guitar Wolf is as Guitar Wolf does: Rock ‘n’ Roll, to the core. It’s something that they do so well and so consistently that it’s hard to find a bad album by them. I own four, and haven’t been able to do it yet. With the release of RRE, they made the bold decision to not fuck with their formula in any way, and instead opted to record a whole record that lives up to everyone’s expectations. This US version has an extra song and two remixed tracks, but with the Wolfs supplying the rock, these kinds of details get lost in the sheer power of the whole disk. Check out some of the lyrics to pick the tracks you should play; with lines like, “When the Devil comes / God makes Me run / Heaven or Hell / It’s all up to you,” or, “Rock ‘n’ Roll! / Rock ‘n’ Roll! / Murder By Rock!” it’s hard to deny their place in the pantheon of the Garage. Too bad Bass Wolf passed on recently, as the last show I saw, for me, forever sealed their promise to listeners that they are as, if not more, ferocious live than their records ever could be.



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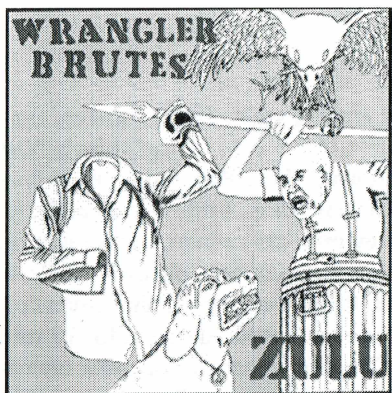
### **Wrangler Brutes – Zulu**

**Genre:** Hardcore

**Sounds Like:** Men’s Recovery Project, Black Flag, Minor Threat, Universal Order Of Armageddon, Etc.

**Recommended Tracks:** 18, 5, 6... But Really, You Should Play Everything on this record if you know what’s good for you.

**Review:** I was beginning to wonder what happened to Sam McPheeters, as Men’s Recovery Project had dropped off the face of the Earth, and I was itching for some of his peculiar view of rock music. Fortunately I accidentally stumbled across *Zulu*, which has got to my ultimate hardcore wet dream: Sam singing, Brooks (from Universal Order Of Armageddon) drumming, and Steve motherfuckin’ Albini producing. I thought I’d died and gone to Sheepar. The album delivers on every front: the frenetic pace, the typical MRP rants and raves in the lyrics (check out “Homosexual President” for an example), the extremely tight musicianship, and above all else, a cohesive feel. There is no track that betrays the band's style, sound, humor, or ideology. It’s the whole package. One can only hope that kids today are taking their cues from something this weird, beautiful, and true to the original hardcore beliefs. If people listened to this alongside Minor Threat & Black Flag, I can guarantee the world would be 1000 times better than it currently is. At least, they’d all have a wicked sense of humor.





## The Flying Saucers! –

### Weird Ancient Religious Rites

**Genre:** Garage Rock

**Sounds Like:** Coachwhips, Oblivians, lofi garage

**Review:** On the home-made cover of this album, the Saucers misspell the title of their own album. It's this kind of sloppiness and lack-of-attention that shines through on most of the performances on this disc... to the bands benefit, ironically. The slop on this disc is spilling out on every track, seeping into the albums around it, making everything else sound "off." There are out-of-tune instruments, blown progressions, false starts... the



list goes on and on. But in the Flying Saucers' world, this is a boon, and as it should be, too. Each track comes from the garage in a way that few bands attempt. These kids are steeped in the tradition, be it Bo Diddley-esque drum parts, stolen bass lines, or the two-track nature of the recordings (this sounds *anything* but professional). Fortunately, the lyrics come from a place just as dark and poorly ventilated. "Zombies in the Graveyard" is about exactly that, something a little too straightforward for most bands, but perfect for them; "Don't Buy Me Clothes (Or I'll Stab You In The Face)" is, of course, borrowed from a John Waters movie, with the refrain cluing the rest of the band into when to keep going on with the song. But more than anything, the band exemplifies what rock music should be about in the first place: a "fuck all" attitude and a sense that anything they can do on their own is better than it would be if someone lent them a hand. It's clear that they found their own, meandering path through the genre's heritage to come up with their own twisted roots. Fortunately, they decided to capture it in some form to share with the rest of us.

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## Gorilla Angreb

**Genre:** Punk Rock

**Sounds Like:** X, The Avengers, Neo-Boys

**Recommended Tracks:** Every God-Damn One... All Tracks are safe to play! (It's not in English)

**Review:** In trying to track down information about this band, the interweb was useless. Which is a good thing, as this CD (recorded, I can only assume, from a record) sounds like it couldn't



have any connection to the modern age even if they wanted to. Apparently from Copenhagen Denmark, this band has perfectly captured the late '70's / early '80's punk vibe without sounding tacky or cheesy, and in fact go so far as to one-up it with a peculiarly European flavor. The recording quality is lo-fi (at best), but for a band like this, a four-track mix with muffled vocals is just part of the style. Something tells me that I missed a great show when they were touring through Portland in April, and something else tells me I'll be shelling out the \$20 + to get one of their records shipped here from there. Unless someone out there knows of an American distributor for this album...?

- 10.) You will never be famous just because you force people to listen to music you like. Sorry, but it's the truth.
- 09.) No matter how good your set is, someone somewhere thinks your music sucks. A lot. Just deal with it and move on
- 08.) Free drinks and food will never pay your bills, let alone help you pay off the \$500 you spent on your "tables". Unless your landlord is a DJ with short term memory loss who also thinks he's too cool for school..
- 07.) Just because you're dancing to your music doesn't mean anyone else will. After all, you're dancing to atonal, no-wave b-side freak-outs when you feel like "normaling" it up.
- 06.) No matter how many fans you think you have, or what kind of audience you've built up of the years, the truth is that only your friends are listening. And sometimes they just do that to humor you.
- 05.) Even if you think it fits perfectly in your set, no one wants to hear "Billy The Mountain." Ever. Not even the first couple minutes of it. Not even the Mothers Of Invention themselves. Just trust me on this one.
- 04.) Seriously, no one else is dancing to that shit, man. Bite the bullet, throw in the towel, and start playing '80's stuff. It's the only way to be sure.
- 03.) Your DJ name is not cute or funny, no matter what your girlfriend says. Yes, even that name. Trust me.
- 02.) A jukebox could do your job. Think about that one while you're "spinning."
- 01.) No matter how many times you mention you're a DJ, she is not impressed, and never will be. Period.

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| Objective or Subjective?: A Portland Scene Report |  
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A lot of people argue that music writing is boring and hard to stomach, or that it has little value as writing. But to me, music is so much a part of my life there are times when I have trouble divorcing it from the other things that I love, or the things it affects. Like so many other things I interact with, the idea that I could write about music in a disconnected way – separate from all the other elements and aspects of my life that make me feel alive and powerful and virile – seems so absurd. Everywhere I go and everything I do seems as much a part of the world of music that it's hard to imagine myself as an impartial observer, watching The Scene but able to discuss it objectively. As with anything I'm passionate about, it becomes as much a part of who I am as I am a part of it.

Portland has an amazing scene, and because of that I always have hope and faith that every band could become my favorite, each show could hold a place in my long-term memory, and all the venues could become the dive I frequent regularly. And it would be easy for anyone to believe this, without question. Every part of town has a



slew of clubs, and bands are crawling out of the woodwork faster than they can be named. There is always a new CD release party, a friend that just got airplay for the first time, or a booking agent looking to promote new kinds of music. I'm often of the opinion that there's just too much, that there aren't enough hours in the day to fit it all in. It was bad enough when I realized I would never be able to read all the books that I wanted to in my lifetime. With music, it would take several lifetimes before I could even come to terms with not being able to get through the tip of the iceberg. There's a point, eventually, where you have to develop a certain amount of cynicism just to stay sane.

It's easier to write about records & bands and venues *because* they are components of a larger, more difficult thing to get at: The Scene. In my lifetime, that phrase has taken on such a negative connotation that I sort of had to become jaded about it just to be able to make sense of it. There are aspects to the scene that are hard to cope with, because of its compatibility with every genre and social caste. Any time people co-opt a sound or a fashion sensibility, it loses its edge and runs the risk of enveloping stragglers in the worst possible way.

Case in point: the incorporation of the white trash aesthetic into Rock 'n' Roll. What started as a handful of ironic mustaches and trucker hats with trace amounts of mullet glorification has become codified into a sect that makes it almost impossible to draw a distinction between those who mean it and the scenesters who adopted it. As a result of this, nearly every seemingly hip kid in Portland can cop to owning a copy of Journey's Greatest Hits... without irony, so they claim! This calls into question the very nature of liking the music / style / a genre in the first place: there's a fine line between something you enjoy that fits your peculiar tastes and interests, vs. singing along with G'n'R just because everyone in the bar likes kitschy rock music. At what point does it stop being a joke? At which point do you admit that you actually like it, and aren't poking fun at it?

I will be the first to admit that I'm guilty of a lot of crimes of The Scene that drive me crazy and piss me off. I'm opinionated and I probably wouldn't want to hang out with myself in a social situation, let alone go head-to-head with myself when it comes to arguing the qualities of Electro vs. Modern Hardcore. Before you even tell me the name of your new band, I'm already thinking of reasons why I shouldn't see you play live. Years of disappointment has lowered my tolerance when it comes to bullshit of any flavor. When I first saw the 'zine Stop Starting Bands I almost got on my hands and knees to genuflect in admiration, and more and more I judge a show not on who's playing, but the number of bands on the bill. After all, anything that might get out after midnight just goes far too late for someone like me.

At first glance, I look like one of the crowd, too. Tattoos and rock t-shirts, a ball-chain bracelet and one or two piercings. I bob my head to a good beat, and I am prone to 'bouts of air guitar like anyone else. Would you recognize me at a show, standing in the throng, beer in hand, milking the moment for all it's worth? How can I legitimately be frustrated with a scene I'm such an avid member thereof? I'm just as lame as anyone I make fun of; it's a PBR, after all.

I'd like to think that my sins aren't as bad as some, and that I don't get too swept up in the machinery of it all, that there is still a purity to the joy I get from a well played song, or a recording that exceeds my expectations. And sometimes I can live up to all of that. In spite of all of this, I try my hardest to support what I see and enjoy it in my own special way. I love going out, and I feel giddy when I get ready for a

show, and to this day a thrill washes through me when I hear a song on the radio that I love. I sing along when I hear my favorite songs and I cannot stop myself from plugging bands and albums I worship no matter who it is I talk to.

Given the chance, I want to be optimistic about the scene. It's not all laptop bands that can't hold a candle to George Clinton, or assholes who blow money on clothes and records just to fit in. I remember all the things that made me happy when I first started going to shows, and I remember all those elements now as often as possible. I love watching bands set up, trying to see what kind of gear they're using, hoping it'll lend some clue to their eventual sound. When I see a batch of underage kids heading to a show, I smile at the home dye jobs and DK patches I see, remembering my own fondly. When I catch a local band talking excitedly about an upcoming show like they're kids on their way to Disneyland, you can count on me telling them how much fun I had afterward no matter how bad they may ended up being.

I love watching proficient bands I like smile at each other (or me) when they blow a transition or a part of the song they should have gotten right, only because it reinforces who good they are. Nothing makes me happier than a nervous musician thanks me for taking a copy of their demo CDR, with all it's poorly photoshopped graphics and mislabeled tracks. I love polished and lo-fi bands, dives and fancy clubs, and everything in between. I'm a sucker for the scene as much as the next guy, and not just for the pretty girls. One reference to my favorite band and you've got a friend for life. Nothing on Earth could drag me away from the scene, and no amount of Velvet Underground bootlegs or girls with dyed hair and tattoos could convince me otherwise.

Portland is a beautiful town with a vibrant and creative community that I can't get enough of. And in spite of all the scenesters that get me down, or the girls that shine me on, or the clubs that play music I hate, or the terrible bands that keep going even though they should know better, the things about Portland I love will always triumph in the end. At night, when I wander around town, I know that somewhere there is a jukebox I can get behind, a venue where good bands play, people who share my point of view, and music that makes me feel like I have every reason in the world to keep going, no matter what might get in my way. That alone makes all the bad music or annoying scenesters in the world that much more tolerable.

That alone makes every word written about music that much more priceless to me, no matter what Elvis Costello says.



**Elvis Costello:** Come on. Who'd like to be a bass player?

**Homer:** Out of my way, Nerdlinger. (*grabs guitar and knocks off Elvis' glasses*)

**Elvis Costello:** My image!



All of the pieces included in both the “**Music Reviews**” sections started out as pieces written for KPSU. We review new discs for use in the music department (so DJs can have some indication of what the album sounds like). I started out filling out small forms about each disc in an attempt to do the bare minimum, but after a while ended up writing much longer reviews as I started getting into the writing aspect of the job. Now, when I review an album, it becomes a pretty big ordeal that I put a lot of energy into. I tried to edit most of the reviews to make them more stand alone, as a lot of the reviews had station-specific references in the writing. A few things still show around the edges, but I think they're funny enough and universal enough to work for just about anyone. These were written over the course of the last years plus, which probably accounts for the difference in tone & style throughout the reviews.

The remainder of the writing for this issue was written specifically for this 'zine. I don't always do that, as I like to let things come together on their own, and then assemble the pieces that fit together after the fact, cutting things that I don't like or writing last minute filler to help round things out. But this time I felt I needed to practice the gentle art of writing specific pieces on a deadline for a larger effort, and I think that focus has actually made the text I produced stronger.

There are some bands that, for one reason or another, I was unable to mention in this issue. Cark is fantastically hilarious, and while they have no official releases, you should really check them out if you get the chance. Go to [tinglefinger.com](http://tinglefinger.com) for all their info, where you can actually download music by them, including other projects too. Additionally, The Bugs Of Lightning are a fantastic pop band that are on the rise, and their shows have been really fantastic. You should really check them out when you get a chance. More info, of course, at [bugsoflightning.com](http://bugsoflightning.com). Krandroid The Friendly Robot has been rockin' the sonic frequencies lately with some cool video game inspired metal, and is one of the more fun one-man-bands out these days (and that counts King Louie). I would also recommend anything by my friend Johnny, who organizes The Mayonnaise vs. Venn Demonstrational, and my buddy Tom, who is currently calling his band Rise Over Run. Both are extremely talented musicians and the stuff they've been playing has put a huge smile on my face. Keep up the good work guys. For more info on any of those guys, shoot me an e-mail, and I'll fill you in.

While music has always been oriented on technological advances (first to be able to play it, then to be able to record it), I have to say that the digital revolution has really brought music into an area that is accessible in a way that exceeds all previous advances. While so many people fear downloading and file sharing and CD burning and all the other technology that is supposedly ruining the music industry, I have to say that these advances have not only turned me on to more new bands that I was ever able to hear any other way, but has helped establish a culture around music that makes it more and more important to people than it ever could have been before. While this subject is more than I can tackle in these end-notes, hopefully it opens up someone's mind to it's positive aspects, rather than it's supposed detriments.

At the end of the day, it all comes back to sitting in front of the turntable and turning the stereo up as loud as it can go. Hopefully, some of this writing inspires you to do just that. As I've said before: Enjoy!

**About The Author:** Austin Rich has been listening to music for as long as he can remember. He's owned a radio since he was 10, and bought his first record when he was in High School. Since then he's attended hundreds of shows, bought almost as many records, tapes and CDs, and has performed in only three bands (thankfully). He's been writing about music since 1993. Currently, Austin works as the A&E writer for *The Rearguard* newspaper ([therearguard.pdx.edu/](http://therearguard.pdx.edu/)), and as the Programming Director for KPSU (1450 AM, or at [kpsu.org/](http://kpsu.org/)) in Portland, OR. He also runs two weekly broadcasts: one on Tuesdays, from 5 – 6 P.M. called "The Church Of Blasphupmus (Not Jesus) Hour," which features mostly 60's Garage, Psyche and proto-punk, and one on Fridays, from 5 – 6 P.M. called "Live Friday," which features live music by touring and local bands. He is also an avid bass player and karaoke attendee, and can rock out a killer bass version of "Seasame Street" on his amp, or "Surrender" on the mic. He has yet to figure out how to curb his habit of writing about himself in the third person.



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***[austinrich@gmail.com](mailto:austinrich@gmail.com)***